

the Jenny Revue

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Sleepless Nights

It's well after midnight on the first Friday of Fringe 2012. (So, technically it's Saturday. Details, details.)

At this time last year, I was—when conscious—happy to be in the air-conditioned comfort of the Grace hospital, given that the heat and humidity that dominated last year's Fringe held all the charms of slipping oneself into someone else's used, sweat filled wet suit.

This year the Fringe staff apparently made the appropriate sacrifices to the weather gods since the warm days are dissolving into cool evenings. Balmy nighttime breezes waft seductively over Old Market Square and the King's Head patio; and it promises to be a beautiful night for sleeping—not that sleeping is encouraged at the Fringe.

As proof of that, the 25-Hour Fringe intends to banish sleep with performances by Pi: The Physical Comedy Troupe, Hot Thespian Action, Ten Thousand Wolves, CRUMBS, TJ Dawe, Ryan Gladstone, Ten Foot Pole Productions, and Big Word Performance Poetry, with shows every 90 minutes or so, starting at midnight and running until 10 AM Sunday morning.

But while all that is going on inside the Warehouse, its outside is being occupied like Wall Street by another anti-slumber event, the first ever Fringe Backyard Campout.

This is the brainchild of the women behind *power I play* and *The Ukrainian Dentist's Daughter*—and features its own slate of players including performers drawn from *Unenlightened*, *Fools for Love*, *In/Side the Box*, *Zack Adams*, *Stretchmarks*,



Pretending Things Are a Cock, and More Power to Your Knitting, Nell!

They will be telling stories, playing games and toasting 'smores concurrently with the final 10 hours of the 25-Hour Fringe.

But being the resident Fringe Grinch—the Gringe if you will—I have to quibble with the numbers. The 25-Hour fringe kicked off at 11 AM this morning with Peter 'n' Chris and the *Mystery of the Hungry Heart Motel*. But from then until midnight, while the 25-Hour Fringe pass holders were set free-range to cherry-pick another seven shows if they have the stamina, overnight pass holders can see Peter 'n' Chris and then head home to nap in preparation for their sojourn from the witching hour to Sunday brunch.

I suppose the hours between start and stop technically add up to 25, but there are 9

shows—16 for those intrepid 25-Hour Fringe pass holders—and with each performance being about an hour long, no matter how you add it, it ain't 25 hours. Just saying.

And it's not as if I care about numbers, (as my bank records will most unfortunately attest), but as a constant overnight Fringer, or, more accurately, overnight Jenny-er, it's the sort of thing that my ever-sleep-deprived brain loves to seize upon and obsess over when it should be editing copy.

But as you will see when you peruse these pages, there wasn't a whole lot of new copy to edit. You have only yourselves to blame.

Still there are ten new reviews and lots of come-ons from Fringe troupes adding to their program descriptions by shamelessly promoting their shows herein. And that will have to hold you until we hit the streets again on Monday, to hopefully be replete with your takes on what entertained or appalled you during your sleep-deprived weekend of Fringeing.

In the meantime, if you follow #jennyrevue on twitter, you'll find our own Murray Hunter tweeting away, like the little bird we have forced him to become, during breaks in that midnight-to-dawn Fringeapalooza at the Warehouse.

Meanwhile, I shall sleep the kind of satisfied sleep that comes with incidentally making 18 companies eligible for Jenny Award nominations just by saying their names.

Coral McKendrick.
aka The Gringe

The Jenny Revue is a proudly independent publication NOT affiliated with the Winnipeg Fringe Festival

